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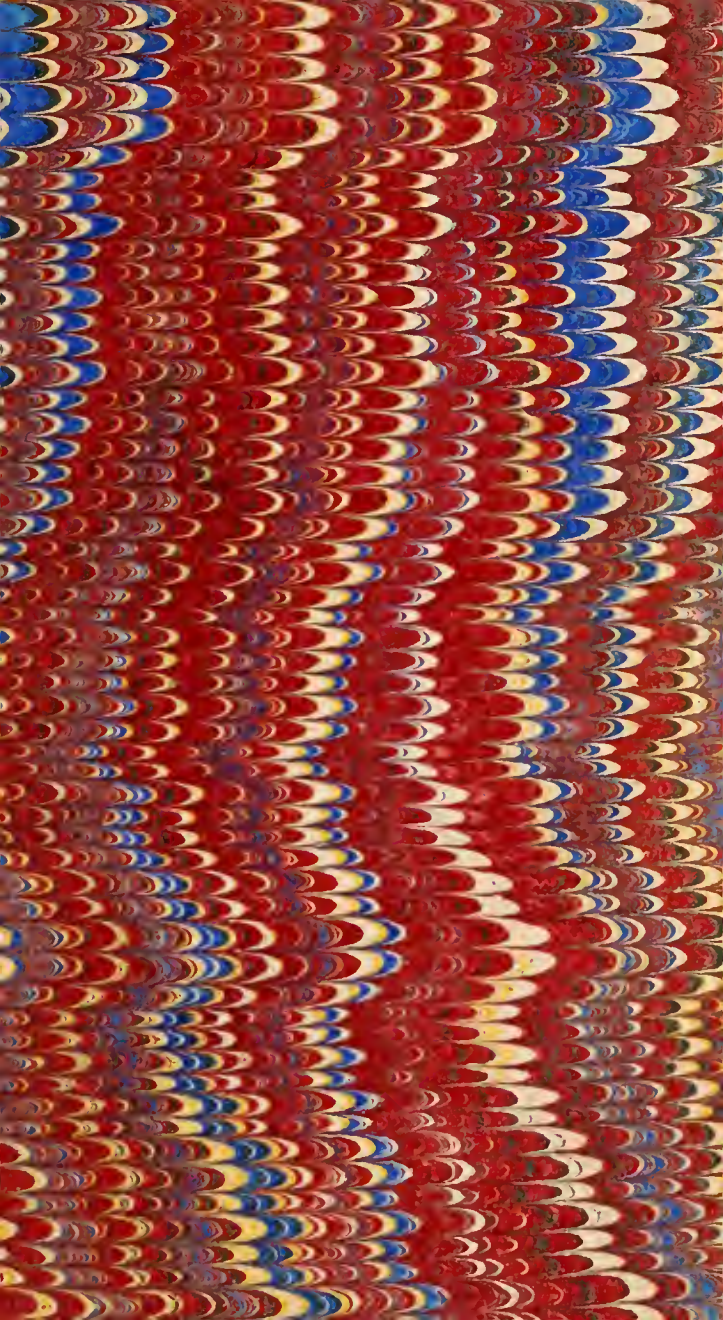

THE

NATIONAL
CLAY MINSTREL.

Philadelphia,
PUBLISHED BY GEORGE HOOD,
and for sale at No. 15-North Sixth St., and by all
the principal Booksellers in the Union.

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NATIONAL
CLAY MINSTREL.

CLAY AND FRELINGHUYSEN.

Written by J Greiner, of Dayton, Ohio, for the Philadelphia Clay Minstrels, and sung by them, with unbounded applause, at the Great Ratification Convention in Baltimore.

TUNE—"*Old Dan Tucker.*"

The skies are bright, our hearts are light,
Throughout our land the Whigs unite,
We'll set our songs to good old tunes,
For there is music in these "Coons!"
Hurrah! hurrah! the Nation's risin
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen

The Locos' hearts are very sore,
Tho' very scarce in forty-four;
For they began to see with reason,
That this will be a great coon season.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

O! Frelinghuysen's a Jersey Blue,
A noble Whig and honest too,
And he will make New Jersey feel,
Whigs pay respect to her "*Broad Seal.*"
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

THE MISSISSINEWA WAR SONG.

BY D. M. SMYSER, ESQ.

Brave Markle is the soldier's pride,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
He stem'd the battles raging tide,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
He rush'd like lightning on the foe,
And laid the murderous savage low,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

With gallant heart and ready hand,
Hurrah

Behold him battling for his land,
Hurrah! &c.
The "fighting Captain" is the man,
Before whose sword the British ran,
Hurrah! &c.

The bravest man among the brave,
Hurrah, &c.,
His fortune and his life he gave,
Hurrah, &c.,
And side by side with Tippecanoe,
He whipp'd the British and Indians too.
Hurrah! &c.

And when no longer war's alarms
Hurrah! &c.,
The soldier summon'd forth to arms,
Hurrah! &c.,
His hand his trusty sword forsook,
And turn'd it to a pruning hook.
Hurrah! &c.

And now at home he swings the flail;
Hurrah! &c.,
No better farmer, I'll go bail,
Hurrah! &c.,
To plough the field and till the ground,
In Pennsylvania can be found.
Hurrah! &c.

The "Indian fighter" we will chose,
Hurrah, &c.,
To route the thieving Kickapoos,
Hurrah, &c.,
Responsive to his country's call,
He'd drive them from the Capitol.
Hurrah, &c.

Then ten to one we'll win the day,
Hurrah! &c.,
With gallant Mississinewa,
Hurrah! &c.,
The Locos cannot stand the fray,
Their "*Muhlie*" has no horns they say!
Hurrah! &c.

THE VERMONTER'S SONG AT BALTIMORE.

TUNE—"*Old Dan Tucker.*"

From 'Yankee Land'—at dawn of day—
We all set out on our joyous way,
Our flags we unfurled—and our mountains rung
With the joyous notes of the song we sung,
On! on! to the Battle marching,
On! on! to the Battle marching,
On! on! to the Battle marching,
For 'Old Kentuck!' we all are marching.

And now from Old Vermont we've come in a swarm,
And tho' our clime is cold—our hearts are warm,
Our Evergreen is floating free,
It has ever led to Victory,—
Hurrah! hurrah! the Green Sprig's waving,
Hurrah! hurrah! the Green Sprig's waving,
Hurrah! hurrah! the Green Sprig's waving,
For 'Old Kentuck' the green is waving.

Oh, the Evergreen, is a stout old tree,
Its branches wave o'er the brave and free,
It proudly stands, while it laughs to scorn
The lightning's flash, and old winter's storm.
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Our hardy sons are brave and true,
And pure's the air they ever drew;
Our mountains are unconquered yet,
And we boast the star that ne'er has set,—
Hurrah! hurrah! the star is gleaming,
Hurrah! hurrah! the star is gleaming,
Hurrah! hurrah! the star is gleaming,
Upon old Kentuck 'tis brightly beaming.

Oh! that glorious star is our delight,
It brightest glows in hottest fight,
And by its mild and constant ray,
We're ever guided on our way,—
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Oh, the Yankee boys are wide awake,
They come from hill, from valley and lake,
And the song they sing both night and day,
Is clear the track for Harry Clay.
Hurrah, hurrah! Vermont is rising,
Hurrah, hurrah! Vermont is rising,
Hurrah, hurrah! Vermont is rising,
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

Now here's to Thee of the frozen North,
Oh, Old Vermont, we know thy worth,
For thy hills and valleys and mountain rock,
We'll on! on! to the battle shock,
And strike! strike! for the people's rising.
Strike! strike! for the people's rising,
Strike! strike! for the people's rising,
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

CONVENTION SONG.

Written for the Choir of the National Clay Club of Phila., and sung by them with unbounded applause at Baltimore.

AIR—*Take heed! whisper low!*

Arouse, arouse from hill and valley
Comes sweeping on a gallant band;
Behold the glorious freemen's rally,
Awakes the spirit of the land.
Sweep on, sweep on o'er hill and dale,
Sweep on, sweep on,
Aloud, aloud on every gale,
Aloud, aloud,
Our voices hail this happy, happy day,
While echo speaks the name of HENRY CLAY.

From north and South our ranks are forming,
And proudly march the East and West;
And while each heart with zeal is warming,
By every lip one name is blessed. Sweep on, &c.

Upon the air are banners streaming;
The Bugles' note their strains prolong:
With joy and hope each eye is beaming,
Spontaneous wakes each voice in song.
Sweep on, &c.

The emblems of our country's glory
In silent watch beside us stand;
Oh, may our Fathers' spotless story,
Our counsels guide, and save our land.
Sweep on, &c.

Then, brethren, from this magic hour,
The hope of long and bitter years,
Exert your freedom's right and power,
And wipe away Columbia's tears. Sweep on, &c.

HARRY THE TRUE, AND THE JERSEY BLUE.

BY F. BUCKINGHAM GRAHAM.

AIR — *What has caused this great commotion.*

What has caused this agitation, 'tation, 'tation,
Our country through?
It is the ball a rolling on,
For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue,
For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue,
For with them we can beat any clan, clan, clan,
Oh, yes we can.
For with them we can beat any clan.

At the great Baltimore convention, 'vention, 'vention,
Were not a few,
Who set the ball a rolling on,
For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue,
For Harry the true and the Jersey Blue.
For with them, &c.

Mechanics, Labourers, Merchants, Farmers, Farmers, Farmers,
Have it in view,

To make the ball prepare the way,
For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue.
For with them, &c.

We all will vote for gallant Markle, Markle, Markle,
The brave and true,
And he will help to clear the way,
For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue.
For with them, &c.

The ladies who are on us smiling, smiling, smiling,
Will help us too,
And surely they can clear the way,
For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue.
For with them, &c.

Come, all true-hearted patriots rally, rally, rally,
Your zeal to show,
Doubt not, this ball will clear the way,
For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue,
For with them, &c.

THE SECOND POLK SONG.

TUNE—"*Lucy Long.*"

Now Matty, on the shelf you're laid,
I'm sure it is no joke—
The Locos thought you would not do,
So nominated Polk.

Oh, Matty they've denounced you,
They say you cannot shine,
And all you've left to cheer you now
Is thoughts of days lang syne.

To make a President of Polk,
'Tis getting rather late;
By Jimmy Jones he was used u
For Governor of his State.
Oh, Matty they've denounced you, &c.

Now Matty, back to Kinderhook,
They say that you must go—
They fear that you will die with grief,
Your heart is filled with woe.
Oh, Matty they've denounced you, &c.

Though Cass with some's a favorite;
But no—he would not do—
They wanted one to act a *Pork*,
And Polk, they've brought out you.
Oh, Matty they've denounced you, &c.

Now bid adieu to Blair and all,
And to the White house too;
They've *poked* you out of the window now—
They've all forgotten you.
Oh, Matty they've denounced yon, &c.

Though Johnson has some good deeds done,
And some that,s very *black*,
They bid him leave, and off he went
Like a man that had the sack.
Oh, Matty they've denounced you, &c.

A POLITICAL CATCH.

TUNE—"*The Little Tailor Boy.*"

In Andrew Jackson's reign,
The mighty Veto King,
There were three *varmints* in this land,
And of these three we sing.

The one was the Pole-Cat—Kendall,
The other was the Beagle—Duff Green;
The third, he was the Little Red Fox,
From the Empire State, I ween.

The *Skunk*, he defiled his friend,
The Beagle he gave the alarm,
The Little Red Fox stole the President's robe,
To keep these three rogues warm.

We smothered the Pole-Cat in *Clay*,
The Beagle stole off to Calhoun,
While the little Red Fox was caught by the tail,
And worried to death by the Coon!

KILKENNY CATS.

TUNE—"*Old Dan Tucker.*"

Calhoun, Buchanan, Johnson, Cass,
The Locos say, may go to grass;
And so they give us Polk and Dallas,
A ticket which cannot appal us.

Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
The day's our own, past all surmisin'.

Their own true friends they would dishearten,
And clipt the wings of poor old Martin;
To calls of "justice" they prove callous,
And victimized poor Polk and Dallas.

Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c

The People say 'tis not surprisin'
We go for Clay and Frelinghuysen:
The Ship of State needs no such ballast
As James K. Polk and George M. Dallas.
Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

The Locos swore they'd have no Mats,
And fought like the Kilkenny Cats;
Two tails were left! whose were they? tell us,
Why James K. Polk, and George M. Dallas!
Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS.

DELAWARE.

By J. A. Allderdice, of Wilmington, Del.

Air—*Old Dan Tucker.*

It has been known that here of late,
That Delaware's called the banner state,
To Baltimore her "chickens" went,
For at home they could not be content.
Get out of the way, you're all too late,
For the chickens of the banner state.

From Brandywine's blue rocks and hills
To Sussex's plains and gentle rills,
We raised a shout for Harry Clay,
In Baltimore the second of May.
Get out of the way, &c.

The big ball sent by Allegany,
Will be roll'd through here and Pennsylvany,
And wherever it goes the people will be risin',
For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.
Get out of the way, &c.

Firm to her post old Kent will stand,
The capitol she will command,
In New Castle we'll walk o'er the course,
Just as easy as a full blood horse.
Get out of the way, &c.

The Blue Hen's Chickens are whig to the core,
And they'll soon run all the Lokies ashore,
Our banner now waves above the horizon,
For Stockton, Clay, and Frelinghuysen.
Get out of the way, &c.

WHIG THUNDER.

AIR—*What has caused this agitation.*

Oh what has caused all this Whig thunder,
thunder, thunder,
That now is risin'?
The nomination by the Whigs
Of Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,
Of Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,
For with them we can beat any man, man, man,
Of the Polk and Dallas clan,
For with them we can beat any man.

The Locos now on every corner, corner, corner,
Are agonizin',
For all Creation's going they say
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,
For with them we can beat any man, &c.

Loco-*Polko* stock is going down, down, down,
Whig stock is risin',
For "Old Virginia" goes it strong
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

The Captain's office-holders think, think, think,
Of taking *pison*,
To save themselves from sure defeat
By Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

A grand Whig army onward moves, moves, moves,
All ranks comprisin',
To place the wreath of laurels on
The brows of Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

Our Theodore will ne'er be guilty, guilty, guilty,
Of Tylerizin',
Then go it while you're young, my boys
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

The beautiful girls, God's last best gift, gift, gift,
Above all prisin',
Will all to a man, do all they can
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,
And with them we will beat the whole clan, clan,
Of the Polk and Dallas clan,
With the ladies we'll beat any man.

AWAY WITH TRAITOR TYLER.

Written for the Choir of the National Clay Club.

AIR—*Away with Melancholy.*"

Away with Traitor Tyler;
Down with the Veto King:
Our party's base reviler;
Whilst the people cheerily sing—
Hurrah!

Though for years of gloomy sorrow,
We've cursed that traitor's crime;
Yet we wait a g'orious morrow,
And sternly "bide our time."
Hurrah!

Now as each hour is falling,
Thorns strew the traitor's path;
And to his ears appalling,
Sounds the People's long pent wrath.
Hurrah!

But as from the horizon,
Now breaks our triumph's day,
Behold our Frelinghuysen,
And glorious Harry Clay.
Hurrah!

Then away with grief and sorrow,
Ye patriots of our land;
Shout for the coming morrow,
And Chieftains of our band.
Hurrah!

When the trumpet breaks your slumbers,
For the battle-day prepare;
Rush on in count'ess numbers,
Let none be wanting there.
Hurrah!

SALT RIVER.

Written for the Choir attached to the Philade National Clay Club, by F. B. Graham, Esq.

AIR—*In Good Old Colony Times.*

A few short weeks ago,
As we'll attempt to show,
Some locos did consult about
The place where they should go.

John C. Calhoun and Johnson,
And old "ten cent" Buchanan,
Determined to escape beyond
The noise of the Whig cannon.

Martin Van advised the rest
Full soon to "get out of the way,"
And give him a chance to "spike that gun"
That echoes the name of Clay.

But while they conversed—a sound
Struck them with surprise and wonder,
For *Maryland* spoke, and the Locos swore
The *noise* they heard WAS THUNDER!

Says Calhoun, "let's change our name,
And make it *loco-motion*;
For about our little Matty Van
The folks have got a queer notion,"

The Whigs at the great Convention,
Convened at Baltimore,
Nominated for Vice Presid'ent,
New Jersey's Theodore.

When a Loco laughed outright,
And cried—"that's good, I vow,
he *coons* can sing no more whig songs,
They're a used up party now."

Soon the Minstrel's came along,
And the wo[illegible]e ran was surprisin',
For with v[illegible] clear did they sing about
Our C[illegible], and F elinghuysen.

Still may we sing Whig songs,
From the book with the *Yaller Kiver*,
Loco-motion's the word, and the Locos all
Are steaming it "up Salt River."

A NEW SONG.

TUNE—"*Old Rosin the Bow*"

The story we'll tell you 's surprisin',
But then you will find it no joke;
The Locos who wish'l to take poison,
Have determined at last to take (poke) *Polk.*
Have determined, &c.

The most of them swallow'd Van Buren,
But found him too little to choke—
Large doses of Cass they did pour in,
But found it all ended in smoke.
But found, &c.

Some took a few bottles of Stewart,
Which made the majority croak:
They said that his friends should be skewer'd,
Or else—take a full dose of *Polk*.
Or else, &c.

A few wished to take "Indian physic,"
And at old "*Blue* Dick" they did pull;
But most of them soon got the phthisic
In trying to swallow the *wool*.
In trying, &c.

For Buchanan they then made a *Dodge*,
And thought it was quite a bold stroke,
But the mass of them call'd it all fudge,
And said they'd be forced to take *Polk*.
And said, &c.

Then the *South* brought a box of *Calhoun*,
And thought that all charms they had broke;
But the *West* let them know pretty soon,
That they were all bound to take Polk.
That they, &c.

The lads from the *Keystone* were callous,
And proof against taking *Polk tea*;
And though it is sweeten'd with *Dallas*,
They still have a will to be free.
They still, &c.

Though *Polk* tea some think is rank poison,
We'll stop its effects in a day—
Its antidote is *Frelinghuysen*,
When taken in doses with Clay.
When taken, &c.

But the *Whigs* know the season for greens,
For this year has passed quite away;
We'll soon show the Locos we've means
To put their *Polk* under the Clay.

COME FRIENDS, GATHER 'ROUND.

TUNE—"*Lucy Neal.*"

Come, friends of Markle, gather round,
And join us in our song,
To rout the sly old "*Lumbermen*,"
It will not take us long.
With Mississinewa,
With Mississinewa,
Protection for our artizans,
And Mississinewa.

We want no *Parson* at the helm,
Nor *Injins* at the mast,
But a clever Western Farmer,
Shall guide us through the blast,
Old Mississinewa,
Old Mississinewa,
Protection for our artizans,
And Mississinewa.

The Keystone waking up at last,
She's right for forty four,
The *silent* votes will tell the tale,
For Clay and Theodore.
Clay and Theodore,
Clay and Theodore,
General Markle too we sing,
With Clay and Theodore.

Mechanics too, and labouring men,
Will bid the Lokies walk;
And not a *berry* will be left,
Upon the *lone-Polk* stalk!
Clay and Theodore,
Clay and Theodore,
General Markle too we sing,
With Clay and Theodore.

Our Principles, the country's weal,—
We ask but these—no more;
List! this our watchword in the fight—
Is "Clay and Theodore!" (*Repeat.*)

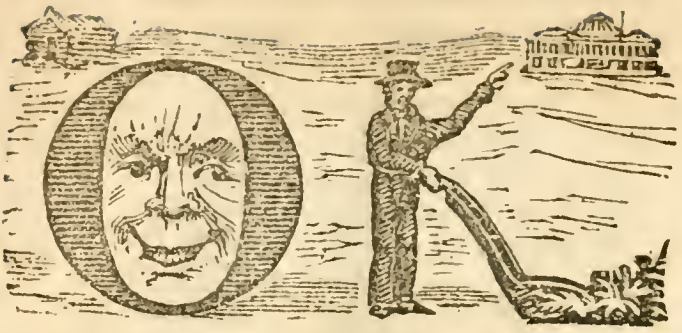
Let the Keystone's loud huzza ring out,
Our brother Whigs to tell,
That here the *poison* will not take,
Huzza! huzza! "all's well!"
Huzza! huzza! huzza!
Huzza! huzza! huzza!
Once more we'll make the welkin ring,
Huzza! huzza! all's well!

HURRAH SONG.

The locos say there is no tune,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
To sing to this New Jersey Coon,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
But we can tell them something better;
We'll have a rhyme for every letter!
Hurrah, &c.

Now, Whigs, three cheers for all the states,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
For we have got our candidates,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
And we are sure they will be chosen,
Both Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen!
Hurrah, &c.

The locos have done all they can,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
And "Martin is a used up man,"
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
And locos hide their eyes in shame,
Since Clay and Frelinghuysen came!
Hurrah, &c.



ADVANCE WHIGS.

AIR—*Boatman's dance.*

Come Whigs prepare to enter the chase,
We can beat any man of the Loco race,
We beat them in forty, we can beat them more,
And use up their party in forty-four.

Advance Whigs, advance,
Your country's cause advance,
And never rest a day, 'till Henry Clay
The White House is adorning.
Heigho, to the polls we'll go,
And vote for the Western Statesman O.
Heigho, to the polls we'll go,
And vote for the Western Statesman O.

In forty we sang them out of tune,
And whipt them with that same old coon,
For Henry Clay the good and true,
We've nought but voting now to do.

Advance Whigs, &c.

There's James K Polk to freemen callous,
May go along with two-faced Dallas,
With MARKLE we'll make Pennsylvany,
As good a state for Clay as any.

Advance Whigs, &c.

The will of the people will soon betold,
And Matty will remain at Lindenwold,
We'll show the Locos very soon,
They cannot kill that same Old Coon.
Advance Whigs, &c. O. B.

WHIG QUODLIBET.

As sung by the Philadelphia Clay Minstrels.

Oh Polk! Oh Polk!
Don't you know you'll end in smoke!
For up Salt River you must go Polk!
And the way you'll go up won't be slow Polk!
Oh Polk! Oh Polk!
Don't you know you'll end in smoke!
You may run and your friends all may do their very best,
But 'twill all be in vain you'll find;
For the log cabin boys go for Harry of the West
And you'll soon see that you can't shine;
You must mind what you're about,
For as sure as you are born,
You are bound to fizzle out
At the small end of the horn.
Oh Polk! Oh Polk

THE FIGHTING CAPTAIN.

By F. B. Graham, Esq.

Tune—"*It will never do to give it up so.*"

When Markle marched to the frontier,
He knew not what it was to fear,
The Tory force the British sent,
But this was e'er his sentiment,
It will never do to give it up so,
It will never do to give it up so,
It will never do to give it up so, gallant boys,
It will never do to give it up so!

He bravely fought with Harrison,
And then o'er the foe a victory won,
And now he is the candidate
For Pennsylvania's chair of state.
It will never do, &c.

Now Whigs, lets rally for the fight,
Our cause is just, our course is right,
In the locos' ears when we shall sing,
We'll make this chorus loudly ring—
It will never do, &c.

With Harry Clay, the tried and true,
And Frelinghuysen and Markle too,
We'll triumph o'er the locos soon,
But we'll not forget this good old tune.
It will never do, &c.

A CATCH.

AIR—*Here's a health to all good lasses.*

Here's success to old Kentucky,
Ever true and ever lucky;
Still his grateful country's stay!
Freemen 'round your patriot rally!
Raise the cry from hill and valley!
"Gratitude to Henry Clay!"

THE FIRST POLK SONG.

TUNE—"*Old Dan Tucker*"

Ah, Matty Van's a used up man,
And Lewis Cass he cannot pass,
And as for our old friend Tecumseh,
He's lost amidst the "Rumsey Dumsey."
Hurrah, hurrah, the Nation's risin'
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

There's Stewart he can't run at all,
And Buck' kept quiet in his stall,
The Loco's are uncertain folk,
They've knock'd all down, and set up Polk.
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

You'd better keep your Polk away,
Or we will cover him o'er with Clay,
The coons will never stop or baulk,
But eat up *berries*, *Polk and stalk*.
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

And Wright was right at any rate,
To spurn a hook with such a bait,
For *Vice* with such a man as *Polk*,
E'en Silas thought too great a joke.
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

The deed is done—did you not hear,
The discord ringing in your ear,
They could not give you men more callous,
Than James K. Polk, and George M. Dallas.
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

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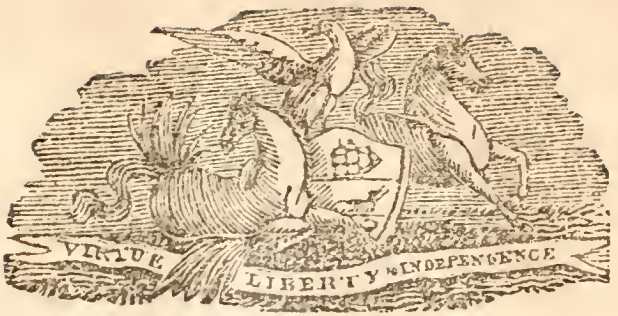


PENNSYLVANIA SONG.

AIR—*Rosin the Beau.*

Ye friends of the Keystone awaken,
And rally the Locos to flight;
Tennessee Polk is forsaken—
They cannot on Muhlie unite.

When driven near to desperation,
Old Markle the brave, good and true,
Did mortgage his farm for the nation,
To march with old Tippecanoe.

Huzza for the "Old Indian killer,"
Huzza for the "third Washington,"
As call'd by an old Loco sinner,
Who sneer'd at the laurels he won.

They stigmatize Markle "a butcher,"
And call him an old "granny too,"
'Twas such an old granny and butcher,
They found in old Tippecanoe,

Arouse then ye Minstrels and readers,
And speakers, for Markle and Clay,
With CLAY and old MARKLE for leaders.
The Whigs will sure carry the day.

FLING FORTH THE CLAY BANNER.

TUNE.—"*The Star Spangled Banner.*"

Fling forth the Clay Banner! give its folds to the breeze,
Our trust in the Patriot and Statesman proclaiming—
While the deep tones of freemen, like the surging of seas,
The worth and the truth of their HARRY are naming:
Let its stainless folds fly
On the wings of the sky,
And branded the foe who to furl it would try;
For it tells to the world, all our fondest hopes rest,
In the glory and weal of the *Pride of the West.*

The meed of Truth's soldier!—Fair Woman shall rise,
A prayer for the true hearts that Banner upholding,
And the beam of her eye, as that flag meets her gaze,
Will rival bright Sol's when morn's gates are unfolding,
For all own her blest sway—
Age, honored and gay,
And youth, whose first war-fire is kindled for Clay:
For Woman, Fair WOMAN! Heaven's last gift and best,
Greets with smiles all who vote for the *Pride of the West.*

Then fling forth our Banner! give its folds to the breeze,
Our trust in the Patriot and Statesman proclaiming—
While the deep tones of Freemen, like the surging of seas,
The worth and the truth of their HARRY are naming:
Let its stainless folds fly
On the wings of the sky,
And branded the foe who to furl it would try;
For it tells to the world, all our fondest hopes rest
In the glory and weal of the PRIDE OF THE WEST.

KENTUCKY O!

Written for the Choir of the National Clay Club.

AIR—*On yonder rock reclining.*

In Ashland shades reclining,
That manly—noble form behold—
Fast his hands our standard hold,
The Whig's best friend of old.
This way his steps inclining
With fearless tread to meet the foe,
And with strength to lay them low,
November's ides will show.
Tremble—Locos! your doom is coming,
You hear the hills resounding,
Kentucky O! Kentucky O! Kentucky O

Never his friends betraying,
He fights for them and truth combined;
Seeking our Union firm to bind,
In which our strength we find!

See! Clay is now dismaying,
By blows that fall nor light nor slow,
The wicked plundering crew,
Who brought our country low!
Tremble—Polk! the Whigs are meeting,
With thunder tones repeating
Kentucky O! Kentucky O! Kentucky O!

No, no, we're not mistaken,
We know 'tis Harry bold and true,
Van! he soon will finish you,
And all free traders too!
The People now awaken,
To that which to themselves they owe,
And none better than the Locos know,
That for CLAY they go!
Tremble—Locos! for now you see,
You cannot harm by calumny
Kentucky O! Kentucky O! Kentucky O!

WHIG SONG.

Written for the Choir of the National Clay Club.

AIR—*Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.*

The nominees of Baltimore,
Are good and true all will agree;
Two better men you could not find,
In all this land of liberty.
We'll work for Clay, both night and day,
For him the country is uprisin',
Let Chapman crow, and Locos bray,
We go for Clay and Frelinghuysen.

In Baltimore like brothers join'd
Each one resolved on victory,

And that we very soon will gain,
And many more we hope to see.
We'll work for Clay, &c.

For Henry Clay the bugle horn,
We'll sound afar from sea to sea,
'Til the great Statesman of the West,
Is honor'd by the brave and free.
We'll work for Clay, &c.

Who will not work both night and day,
A traitor to the cause must be—
Who does the *most* for Harry Clay,
Shall rise to fame among the free.
Then work for Clay, &c. T. W.

CLAY AND FRELINGHUYSEN.

TUNE—"*Lucy Neal.*"

What has caused this great commotion?
At Baltimore, they say,
The Whigs took up a Jersey Blue,
To run with Henry Clay.
Gallant Henry Clay!
Gallant Henry Clay.
Frelinghuysen too, we sing,
With gallant Henry Clay!

From North and South and East and West,
The Whigs met to repay,
The noble services performed
By gallant Henry Clay.
Gallant Henry Clay,
Gallant Harry Clay,
Frelinghuysen too, we sing,
With gallant Henry Clay

Then sixty thousand Whigs replied,
With shouts at Baltimore,
The country now is satisfied
With Clay and Theodore.
Gallant Henry Clay,
Gallant Henry Clay,
Frelinghuysen too we sing,
With gallant Harry Clay.

Ye friends of Harrison again,
Your colors now display,
The old tried "guard" of "forty" wheels
In line for Henry Clay.
Gallant Henry Clay,
Gallant Henry Clay,
Frelinghuysen too we sing,
With gallant Henry Clay.

And though our foes the music hate,
Yet still this tune we'll play,
While all the ladies in the land,
The chorus join for Clay.
Gallant Henry Clay, &c.

With Frelinghuysen on our shield,
We see a brighter day,
With shouts of glorious victory
We'll hail our Henry Clay.
Gallant Henry Clay,
Gallant Henry Clay,
Frelinghuysen too, we sing,
With gallant Henry Clay.

THAT SAME OLD TUNE.

AIR—*Vive la Companie.*

Come join in a shout for the man we love best,
Hurrah for the Farmer of Ashland!
The friend of the People—the man of the West—
Hurrah for the Farmer of Ashland!
We'll give them a touch of that same old tune,
We'll give them a sight of that same old coon;
They'll see him again by the light of the moon;
Hurrah for the Farmer of Ashland!

He's trusty as steel to his word and friend,
Hurrah for the Farmer of Ashland!
Tho' they tried to subdue him, he never would bend,
Hurrah for the Farmer of Ashland!
We'll give them a touch, &c.

They tell me that Polk is a nice little man,
Hurrah for the Farmer of Ashland!
Jones gave him a dressing the last time he ran—
Hurrah for the Farmer of Ashland!
We'll give them a touch, &c.

Here's a health to our statesman, our champion and friend,
Hurrah for the Farmer of Ashland!
He fought from the first, and he'll fight to the end
Hurrah for the Farmer of Ashland!
We'll give them a touch, &c.

Come join in the chorus as loud as you can,
Hurrah for the Farmer of Ashland!
And when'er they hear it they'll tremble for Van—
Hurrah for the Farmer of Ashland!
We'll give them a touch, &c.

LEAVE VAIN REGRETS.

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Leave vain regrets for errors past,
Nor cast that ship away—
But nail your colours to the mast,
And strike for Harry Clay.
And strike for Harry Clay, my boys
And strike for Harry Clay,
And nail your colours to the mast,
And strike for Henry Clay.

From him no treason need be fear'd,
Your cause he'll ne'er betray,
What name to Freemen so endear'd,
As that of Harry Clay,
As that of Harry Clay, my boys,
As that of Harry Clay,
Whose name to freemen so endear'd,
As that of Harry Clay.

No vain abstractions fill his head,
To lead his heart away,
For every noble promise made
Is kept by Harry Clay.
Is kept by Harry Clay, my boys,
Is kept by Harry Clay,
For every noble promise made
Is kept by Harry Clay.

Then let not ruin's hated form
Thus fill you with dismay,
But gathering strength to breast the storm
Stand fast by Harry Clay.
Stand fast by Harry Clay, my boys,
Stand fast by Harry Clay,
But gathering strength to brave the storm
Stand fast by Harry Clay.

Rise, bravely rise, one effort more,
Your motto thus display,
Protection for our native shore,
Sustained by Harry Clay.
Sustained by Harry Clay, my boys,
Sustained by Harry Clay,
Protection for our native shore,
Sustained by Harry Clay.

And o'er our gallant Chieftain's* grave,
Pledge we our faith this day,
In weal or wo, no change to know,
Till triumphs Harry Clay.
Till triumphs Harry Clay, my boys,
Till triumphs Harry Clay,
In weal or wo, no change to know,
Till triumphs Harry Clay.

OH, HENRY CLAY WILL BE THE MAN.

TUNE.—*Nancy Dawson.*

Said Tyler John, the other day,
How many are Clay men I pray?
Why Johnny, dear, we're made of Clay,
And so we *all* are Clay men.
Oh, Henry Clay will be the man,
And turn and twist it as you can,
He'll gain the day, and fix a plan
To set us all to rights again.

*The lamented Harrison.

Clay men are all good men and true
Their Clay will prove too hard for you,
And no vile traitor, John, will do
To stand among the Clay men.
Oh, Henry Clay, &c.

We'll cock our wigs and turn you out,
Both horse and foot your forces rout,
And Clay forever fiercely shout;
That you may hear the Clay men.
Oh, Henry Clay, &c.

How many Clay men did you say,
Go count the stars i' the milky way,
And ten for each, and then you may
Attempt to count the Clay men.
Oh, Henry Clay, &c

For Henry Clay we'll go the whole—
Join head and hand—join heart and soul,
The people's will knows no control,
They shout for Henry Clay, boys.
Oh, Henry Clay, &c.

Then gallant Harry, take your stand,
We'll rally round you, hand in hand;
Despite the Loco Tyler band
You shall be head of the nation?
In forty-four we'll rout the foe,
And lay the frantic locos* low,
And Johnny Tyler then will know,
How many of us are Clay men.
Oh, Henry Clay will be the man,
And turn and twist it as you can,
He'll gain the day and fix a plan
To set us all to rights, boys.

* Good Spanish for a madman.

HARRY, THE HONEST AND TRUE.

TUNE—*Rosin the Beau.*

Ye gallant true Whigs of the army
That conquered for Tippecanoe,
Come with us, and join now the standard,
Of Harry, the honest and true;
Of Harry, the honest and true;
Who "fought in the ranks," as a soldier,
With us, for old Tippecanoe.

We have not, my friends, now to lead us,
Our former commander, 'tis true,
For death has been here and promoted
Our chieftain, brave Tippecanoe;
Our chieftain, brave Tippecanoe;
Our gallant old Tippecanoe;
He's left us to join the high army
Of those who are faithful and true

Yet in the same cause we're united
We fight the same enemy too
And leave for our leader invited
The friend of old Tippecanoe;
The friend of old Tippecanoe;
Our honest old Tippecanoe;
He's left none behind him more worthy
Than Harry, the gifted and true.

We know that he never will leave us,
To join with the enemy's crew;
We know he will never deceive us,
He ever was honest and true;
The Statesman, bold fearless and true;
Our Harry, the honest and true;
The trusty and cherished supporter,
And friend of old Tippecanoe.

Our gallant old chief when he left us,
Bequeathed us a "Captain," thought true,
But the traitor has since joined the army,
That fought against Tippecanoe,
That fought against Tippecanoe,
Our noble old Tippecanoe:
But come, boys, we'll yet "head the Captain,"
With Harry, the dauntless and true.

The victory we gained once so nobly,
We've lost, and by treachery too,
But shall ever the soldiers despair, boys,
Who've fought with old Tippecanoe?
Who've fought with old Tippecanoe
The gallant old Tippecanoe;
Pick your flints again—look to your priming,
And—fire! boys, for Harry, the true.

Mr. Clay.—The following worthy tribute from an opponent is from the Democratic Review:—

"There is no serious question as to the Whig candidate. It is to be CLAY—CLAY, with an enthusiasm of personal feeling which we envy him the honor of having awakened in his friends and his party, far more than we should that of the office itself, with which they are so earnestly bent to adorn and reward the closing years of his long political life. * * * Clay then can alone be the man; and the indications are apparent enough, as indeed it could no be doubted, that the rally and struggle to be made for him will equal, if not surpass, in vehemence and in lavish profusion of means, the before unparalleled efforts of 1840."

THE LADIES' WHIG SONG.

TUNE—*Rosin the Beau.*

If e'er I should wish to get married,
And indeed I don't know but I may,
The man that I give up my hand to
Must be the firm friend of *Old Clay.*
Must be, &c.

For I am sure I could ne'er love a loco,
No matter how grand he might be,
And the man that could vote for Dick Johnson,
Is not of a taste to suit me.
Is not, &c.

Tom Benton's too much of a *rowdy,*
To claim any *good* man's support,
And on Jemmy Buchanan's low wages
The people have made their report.
The people, &c.

John Tyler's too mean to be thought of,
A circumstance cropt for a man,
By every true Whig he's regarded,
As only a "flash in the pan."
As only, &c.

His conduct can no way dishearten,
The Whigs only wait for the day,
To make him another "*gone Martin,*"
And move on with *Old Harry Clay.*
And move, &c.

Then rouse gallant Whigs to your duty,
And drive all the miscreants away,
Complete what you strove for in forty,
Your watchword be *Old Harry Clay.*
Your watchword, &c.

HARRY OF KENTUCKY.

TUNE.—*'Tis my delight of a shiny night*

Once more our glorious banner out,
Upon the breeze we throw—
Beneath its folds with song and shout,
Let's charge upon the foe!
Our chosen chief, alas!—no more
Shall place his lance in rest.
But well we know the love he bore
Our Harry of the West,
Our Harry of the West, my boys,
Our Harry of the West.

Then brothers rise, and rally round,
The statesman ever true,
Until his name with trumpet sound,
Shall make the welkin's blue,
And millions with admiring eyes,
Shall call him from his rest,
The hero of new victories,
Our Harry of the West, &c.

When sought the red coats, as of old,
The empire of the Free,
And British cannons once more rolled.
Its thunder o'er the sea.
Who loudest cheered our gallant tars,
And fired the soldier's breast,
Till victory hailed our stripes and stars.
But Harry of the West, &c.

And when no more the groaning South
To Spain would bend the knee,
But rising, at the cannon's mouth,
Proclaimed she would be free—

Who heard his burning accents fall,
And reared her starry crest,
Young Independence, at the call,
Of Harry of the West, &c.

Whene'er forgot the commonweal,
And party waves run strong,
'Till e'en the wisest halt and feel
That every thing goes wrong.
There's one the olive branch who brings
And lulls the storm to rest,
'Till peace comes on her angel wings,
'Tis Harry of the West, &c.

Let Ty with Calhoun "jump just so,"
And dance "Virginny reels,"
Each striving which to Whigs can show
The cleanest pair of heels.
Let loco focos bid them hail,
We'll head their trait'rous guest,
Kentucky rifles never fail
With Harry of the West, &c.

Let Van his mottled forces drill,
'Till Benton swears 'tis hard,
And Captain Tyler shows his skill,
With his tremendous Guard."
What care we for them, great and small,
E'en though they do their best?
For old Kentuck will head them all—
Our Harry of the West, &c.

The honors which the hero won,
Encircle not his head,
Like withered wreaths they rest upon
Another's brow instead—

The statesman never faithless known,
The worthiest and the oest,
Shall make them bloom again—our own
True Harry of the West, &c.

Oh! ever green the sod that lie
Above the sainted dead—
And o'er our path his memory,
For aye, his radiance shed!
Its hallowed light shall fall upon
Our flag, where'er it rest,
And write the name of Harrison,
With Harry of the West, &c.

Then let the glorious banner float
To the sunshine and the blast,
Till victory sounds her bugle note,
The din of battle past.
No brighter name can lead us on,
High on its folds imprest,
Than thine, truth's gallant Champion,
Our Harry of the West, &c.

What would be thought of the *morality* of the Democratic party if it should take this odious, this detestable administration by the hand, or admit it into its council?—*Washington Globe.*

Why, under such circumstances, we would think of the "morality" of the party pretty much as we think of John Tyler's conscience, John Jones' brains, Amos Kendall's gratitude, Van Buren's candour, Buchanan's Democracy, Dick Johnson's incorruptibility, and Calhoun's chances for the succession.—*Louisville Journal.*

THAT SAME OLD COON.

BY J. BOUGHTON.

TUNE—"*The Mellow Horn.*"

When fierce corruption brooded o'er
Our land with withering blight,
And Freedom's light, that burn'd of yore,
Was wrapped in darkest night—
'Twas then that slumb'ring whigs awoke
To guard the sacred boon,
And deep avenging notes that spoke,
Aroused "that same Old Coon."
That same Old Coon—
That same old patriotic Coon.

When Matty, with usurping hand,
The Nation's neck had wrung,
And all the Loco-Foco band
Hozannas to him sung—
'Twas then Old Tip, with speed of wind,
Outrun the base poltroon—
While none with keener triumph grinn'd
Than did "that same Old Coon."
That same Old Coon—
That same old patriotic Coon.

What makes the Locos quake with fear,
And faint with very dread;
And whence does spring the frequent tear,
Which they're constrained to shed?
It is because they hear again
Old Eighteen forty's tune,
And foremost in that great campaign,
They see "that same Old Coon.
That same Old Coon—
That same old patriotic Coon.

As does the sunset west, that shines,
Fortell a brilliant day—
So do the bright, auspicious signs,
All point to Henry Clay!
Then let us with the lark upspring,
Nor tarry when 'tis noon,
But with united effort cling
Around "that same old coon."
That same Old Coon—
That same old patriotic Coon.

WHIG GIRLS OF 1840.

TUNE—"*Dan Tucker.*"

We gain'd the day four years ago
For all the Ladies help'd you know,
And now, they all enlist again,
And go for Clay with might and main.
So clear the way with your foul party,
Clear the way with your foul party,
Clear the way with your foul party,
For we're the girls of eighteen forty.

While walking out the other day,
I heard a lovely lady say,
That if she had a Loco beau,
She soon would tell him he might go.
So clear the way, &c.

This is the case where'er I've been,
With all the girls that I have seen;—
No other man will do, they say,
For President but Henry Clay.
So clear the way, &c.

In eighteen forty they, they did do
Their best for "Tip and Tyler too,"—
Throughout our land, each female tongue,
Was heard in praise of Harrison.
So clear the way, &c.

The Locos want them in the field,
And try all arts to make them yield,
And go for Polk, instead of Clay,
But prompt and firm we heard them say,
Clear the way with your foul party,
We are the girls of eighteen forty.

The Locos met at Baltimore,
But the girls had seen the Whigs before
And when they view'd that Loco crowd,
They cried, with voices sweet and loud,
Clear the way, &c.

And when they heard the name of Polk
For President, again they spoke;
They tuned their voices up again,
And all united in this strain,
Clear the way, &c.

Then let no Loco ask the hand,
Of any lady in our land,
For ten to one she'll be for Clay,
And then in thunder tones she'll say,
Clear the way with your foul party, &c.

——

THE WORKINGMAN'S SONG.

TUNE.—*There's nae luck about the house; or, the Washing Day.*

Times won't be right, 'tis plain to see,
Till Tyler runs his race;
But then we'll have a better man
To put into his place.
For now we'll rouse with might and main,
And work, and work away,
And work, work, work, work,
And put in Henry Clay.

The *Farmers* want good times again,
To sell their wheat and pork,
And so to put in Henry Clay,
They're going right to work.
They'll plough and sow, and reap and mow,
And thresh and thresh away,
And thresh, thresh, thresh, thresh
And vote for Henry Clay.

The *Labouring Men* that want more work
And higher wages too,
Will help to put in Henry Clay,
With better times to view.
They'll saw and chop, and grub and dig,
And shovel and shovel away,
And shovel, shovel, shovel, shovel,
And vote for Henry Clay.

The *Weavers* too, will go to work
For a tariff and Henry Clay,
They'll make us the cloth we want,
If they can have fair play.

They'll reel and spool, and warp and wind,
And weave and weave away,
And weave, weave, weave, weave,
And vote for Henry Clay,

We want no Clothing ready made,
From England or from France,
We've *Tailors* here who know their trade,
They ought to have a chance.
They'll cut and baste, and hem, and press,
And stitch, and stitch away
And stitch, stitch, stitch, stitch,
And vote for Henry Clay.

The *Hatters* do not want to see,
Their kettles standing dry,
And so they'll go for Henry Clay.
And then the fur will fly.
They'll nap and block and colour and bind,
And finish and finish away,
And finish, finish, finish, finish,
And vote for Henry Clay.

Shoemakers too, with right good will,
Will join the working throng;
And what they do for Henry Clay,
They'll do both neat and strong.
They'll crimp and cut and last and stitch,
And ball and ball away,
And ball, ball, ball, ball,
And vote for Henry Clay.

The *Coopers* know, when farmers thrive,
Their trade is always best,
And so they'll go with one accord,
For Harry of the West.

They'll dress and raise and truss and croze,
And hoop and hoop away,
And hoop, hoop, hoop, hoop,
And vote for Henry Clay.

The *Blacksmiths* will roll up their sleeves,
Their sledges they will swing,
And at the name of Henry Clay,
They'll make their anvils ring.
They'll blow and strike, and forge and weld,
And hammer, and hammer away,
And hammer, hammer, hammer, hammer,
And vote for Henry Clay,

And thus we'll work and thus we'll sing,
Till Tyler's race is run,
And then welll have to fill his place,
Kentucky's favourite Son.
For now we'll rouse, with might and main,
And work and work away,
And work, work, work, work,
And put in Henry Clay.

ACROSTIC.

Here's the Statesman, always ready,
Ever constant, ever true,
Not rash, but ardent, firm, and steady,
Resolved to bear his country through,
Yielding the meed to others due.

Calmly he views the streams of faction,
Looks through their workings, eagle-eyed,
A noble mark for base detraction,
Yet turning all its darts aside.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

AIR—"*A life on the Ocean wave.*"

List, list to the People's cry,
  Resounding o'er hill and dale,
In terror the Loco's fly,
  Like chaff on the winter's gale.
The mountains are ringing the shout,
  The valleys re-echo again,
And the rock-bound shores of the North
  Are joyously swelling the strain.
Hark, hark, to the loud acclaim,
  That comes from the distant West,
They call for the Son of Fame,
  Their *Clay*—the greatest and best.
Hark, Hark! Hark, Hark!
Hark, Hark! to the distant West.

Arise, ye Whigs of the East,
  'Tis now the glorious day,
When all your votes should be cast
  In support of Henry Clay.
The South is up in her strength,
  Our cause will in triumph prevail
And the shout of a people free
  Shall burthen the sweeping gale.
Like a whirlwind his fame has spread—
  The mists have all cleared away—
The foe from the field has fled!
  Then hurrah! for Henry Clay.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah for Henry Clay.

CLEAR THE WAY FOR HARRY CLAY.

TUNE.—*What has caused this great commotion*

What has caused this agitation, 'tation, 'tation,
Our foes betray?
It is the ball a rolling on,
To clear the way for Henry Clay:
To clear the way for Henry Clay.
For with him we can beat any man, man, man,
Of the Van Buren clan,
For with him we can beat any man.

Mechanics cry out for protection, 'tection, tection
And bless the day
That set the ball a rolling on
To clear the way for Henry Clay:
To clear the way for Henry Clay.
For with him, &c.

The merchants say there'll be no money, money money,
Their debts to pay,
Until the ball that's rolling on,
Has cleared the way for Henry Clay.
For with him, &c.

The farmers say there'll be no market, market market,
For cattle or hay,
Until the ball that's rolling on,
Has cleared the way for Henry Clay.,
For with him, &c.

From all professions comes the cry, cry, cry,
Speed the day,
When this good ball that's rolling on,
Shall clear the way for Henry Clay,
For with him, &c.

The great, the small, the short, the tall, tall, tall,
Shall heave away,
To keep this ball a rolling on,
And clear the way for Henry Clay.
For with him, &c.

Let honest locos stand from under, under, under,
Without delay,
Join in with us to roll the ball,
That clears the way for Henry Clay.
For with him, &c.

We see the ladies on us smiling, smiling, smiling,
In their sweet way,
One word from them would be enough
For Van or Clay to clear the way—
We know they'll give that word for Clay
For with him, &c.

We've spread our banner to the breeze, breeze, breeze,
And it shall stay
Until the ball that's rolling on,
Has cleared the way for Henry Clay.
For with him, &c.

Come all true hearted patriots rally, rally, rally,
Your strength display,
Doubt not the ball that's rolling now,
Shall clear the way for Henry Clay,
Shall clear the way for Henry Clay.
For with him, &c.

WHIG GLEE.

1st Voice—I am going to vote for Henry Clay!
2d " And so am I!
3d " And so am I!
1st " I think there'll not be much in the way,
To hinder his election;
2d " For Polk and Dallas, not started soon,
Stand no more chance than 'the man in the moon,
3d " We'll beat them single, or beat them double,
Just as to them will be the least trouble!
Chorus—Then hip! hurra for old Kentuck!
Banish far all care and sorrow,
We'll sing our songs to-day for luck,
And work for Clay to-morrow.
1st I like with our friends an hour to spend,
2d And so do I!
3d And so do I!
1st And thus to them a hand extend
In fellowship for Harry!
2d Oh! how pleasant and how fine,
To know such fellowship is mine,
3d But how sheepish you'll look
If you countenance Polk!
1st That's not my case,
2d Nor mine,
3d Nor mine.
Chorus—Then hip! hurra for old Kentuck, &c.
1st I like the fun we're having with Polk,
2d And so do I!
3d And so do I,
1st His political friends don't relish the joke,
But now 'tis past undoing.
2d The puny chicken of Chapman & Co.,
Has lost his voice and cannot crow,
3d And we've nothing to do of this pretty job
But to take the corn and leave 'em the cob

THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT CANVASSING.

AIR—"*The days when we went Gipseying.*"

In the days when we went canvassing
A long time ago,
Our candidates with honor's flame,
Were warm from top to toe;
We placed them in the state's high seat,
To guide her laws so free,
Their virtues ruled the land in peace,
And fair prosperity;
But now each chief turns demagogue,
And proves his country's foe,
Since the days when we went canvassing,
A long time ago,
Since the days when we went canvassing
A long time ago.

But Freedom when the patriots made,
'Form'd one of *Clay* so true,
That boldly he proclaim'd her rights,
Against the traitor crew;
And unto CLAY she proudly points,
And calls each freeman on,
And place him on her rock of power
To gain her glories gone;
Then let each heart her call obey,
And all again shall know,
The happiness that blest our land,
A long time ago,
The happiness that blest our land,
A long time ago.

HARRY CLAY'S RAISIN'.

AIR—"*Old Tip's raisin'.*"

Come all ye log cabin boys, we'll have another raising,
We have a job on hand, that we think will be pleasing,
We'll turn out and build Harry Clay a new cabin
And finish it off with chinkin and with daubin'.
We want all the log cabin boys in the nation,
To be on the ground to build the foundation,
And every Loco Foco will think it is amazing,
To see how we work at the Clay cabin raising.
Hurra, hurra, it happens very lucky,
We have such good *Clay* in Old Kentucky.

We'll clear off the ground plat and put the "*dornicks*" under,
And put the sleepers on them without any blunder
We'll all go to work as good Whigs ought to do,
And Matty shall be routed like Bonaparte at Waterloo,
We'll shoulder our axes and cut down the timber—
We all learn'd the trade boys in forty, you'll remember—
So hurrah boys—there's no two ways in,
The fun we'll have at the Clay cabin raisin'
Hurra, hurra, &c.

We'll have it well chinked, and we'll put on the cover,
Of good sound clapboards, with the weight-poles over,
And a good wide chimney for the fire to blaze in,
To keep the Whigs warm in the cold winter season;

And when we want to daub it, it happens very lucky,
That we have the best of *Clay* in Old Kentucky;
For no other State has such good Clay in,
To make up the mortar for the Clay cabin raisin'
Hurra, hurra, &c.

For the hauling of the logs we'll call on Pennsylvany.
For the Conestoga teams will pull as well as any,
And the Yankee states and York state, and all of the others,
Will come and help us lift like so many brothers.
The Hoosiers and the Suckers, and the Wolverine farmers,
And Buckeyes know the right way to carry up the corners,
For every one's a good enough carpenter and mason,
To do a little work at the Clay cabin raisin'.
Hurra, hurra, &c.

We'll cut out a window and have a wide door in,
We'll lay a good loft and a first rate floor in.
We'll fix it complete for Clay to see his friends in,
We know that the latch-string will never have its ends in.
And when our Cabin's finished, and free from all dangers,
We'll invite all our friends, and welcome the strangers,
With songs and with speeches, there's no two ways in
The fun that we'll have at the Clay cabin raisin'.
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

SONG AND CHORUS.

TUNE—*Old Tip's the Boy.*

Come one and all, obey the call,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.
And rally round on freedom's ground,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

Renouncing all the Tyler *truck*,
Once more we mean to try our luck,
With Harry Clay of old Kentuck.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

A Western star that shines afar,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
A ray of light, that quivers bright,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

Then place him proudly on your crest,
A man with truth and wisdom blest,
The Lion Statesman of the West,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

While Harry's there let none despair,
Hurrah, Hurrah, hurrah,
For when he spoke the tyrants shook,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

Who in a dark and doleful hour,
His voice in thunder tones did pour,
Against that fatal *veto power*.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

The Battle fights of all State Rights,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
With Union too he's firm and true,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

And looking to our rights alone,
Strict justice he would not postpone,
But give to every state her own.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

The sterling friend of old North Bend,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
The ladies too, believe him true,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

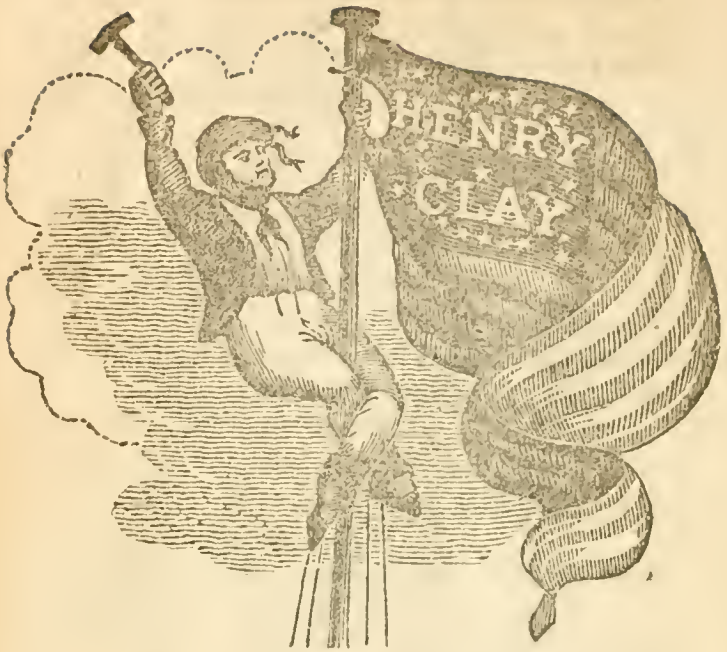
The Father of Columbia's cause,
Whose measures must demand applause,
A Tariff and Protecting Laws.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

With Benton's gold he can't be fooled,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Nor *Tyler's plan*, *Calhoun*, nor *Van*.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

But dauntless he will face the storm;
Our currency he will reform,
And make it sound and uniform,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Our cause is just and thrive it must,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Then let's be wise and sieze the prize,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

Let every Whig go hand in hand,
And form one patriotic band,
To save this blest and happy land,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.



THE SHIP COLUMBIA.

Written for the "National Clay Minstrel."

BY F. B. GRAHAM.

TUNE—"*Hail to the Chief.*"

Far from the west see the statesman advancing,
Whose voice in our cause has so often been heard,
Now his bright, beaming eye, towards the whig standard glancing,
Is fixed on the gay-plumaged liberty bird.
Give him the helm of the fair ship Columbia,
And we'll laugh at the storm as we ride safely o'er
All the high-swelling surges of life's troubled ocean,
Till *Protection* we find on our own native shore.

Now to the lofty mast,
Nail the whig banner fast,
And let it fore'er on the wind's pinions play!
None will the tempest fear,
When with a hearty cheer,
We welcome on board, the brave mariner Clay.

Toss'd have we been 'mid the breakers of treachery,
Tyrants and traitors have guided us long,
But without breaking forth in a blood-thirsty mutiny,
We'll send the old *Captain* away with a song.
'Neath the folds of that standard at mast-head now streaming,
Our crew will not long by the *guard* be oppressed;
For the sun-light of peace will soon o'er us be gleaming
And will gladden our homes in the land of the west.
Standing our flag beneath,
Let us a laurel wreath
Entwine round the brow of the brave Harry Clay!
Hark! 'tis the bugle-blast!
Nail the whig banner fast!
And e'er let it float in the light of the day.

The following toast by the Hon. John P. Kennedy, of Baltimore, was drank at a dinner given by the New Yorkers to a Delegation who had gone from Baltimore to congratulate the Whigs of the Empire State upon their victory in 1837.

HARRY OF THE WEST.

——"Our liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft,
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge,
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Our surest signal!"

SONG OF THE YOUNG WHIGS.

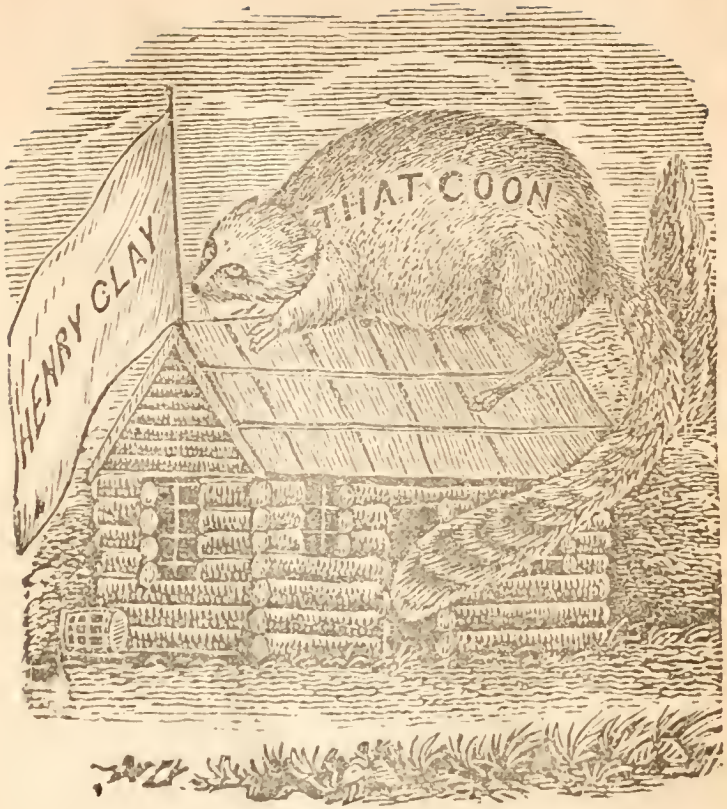
AIR—'*What Fairy-like Music.*'

Hark!—Hark! what sweet music
Comes soft o'er the plain,
Enchanting my heart with
Its soul melting strain?
'Tis the song of the young Whigs,
As they march to the fray
Determined to conquer
For their own Harry Clay.

List, list, to the cadence—
It is rising again,
Pealing up from the mountains
To Heaven's blue plain—
'Tis the song of the young Whigs,
As they come in their might,
To save their loved country
From Misrule's sad blight.

List, list, to their music,
It is coming more near—
Hark—list—to the words now
As they ring on the ear—
'Tis the song of the young Whigs,
Through the country they're risin'
To place wreaths on the brow
Of our own Frelinghuysen.

See, see, their vast host,
They are now wheeling past—
List, list, to their shout,
As it soars on the blast—
'Tis the shout of the young Whigs
To the *Traitor* they say,
"Your sentence is passed!
Make room for our CLAY."



THE 'COON SONG.

Written for the National Clay Minstrel.

TUNE,—"*Dandy Jim of Caroline.*"

A race, a race! And who will win?
Who will be out? who will be in?
Trot out your nags! we'll see who'll take
From all, the Presidential stake.
The people say, they'll go for Clay,
The true heart's hope, the country's stay;
So raise the shout, and clear the way,
For work and worth and Harry Clay!

First Tyler came the boon to crave,
A laugh and hiss met the traitor knave,
He lower'd his nose and sneak'd away;
For he dared not face old Harry Clay.
For the people say, &c.

Next sneaking in, Grimalkin Van,
Purr'd low, and said "I will if I can,"
But we whipp'd him once—Lord, how he ran!
Hang up your fiddle—you're not the man.
For the people say, &c.

Then came Calhoun, now right, now wrong;
Though six feet two, he's nothing long,"
But short or tall he'll be no higher,
We've nullified the nullifier! For the people, &c.

Buchanan came. A shilling a day!
Work Locos! How d'ye like your pay?
Old Conestoga's stall'd, they say,
He's sticking in Kentucky Clay.
For the people say, &c.

Now hobbled in old Madam Cass;
She's not what she was, alas! alas!
She might be a pet of the frog-eater's king,
Where the people rule she's not the thing.
For the people, &c.

Next came from clouds of froth and smoke,
The lion's jackall—litt'e Polk;
His nomination is a joke—
For who would wear a weed like *poke*.
For the people say, &.

Then Clay, with a lion port strides by,
And shouts of thunder cleave the sky;
The pure, the bright, the tried and true,
The laurel wreath belongs to you.
For the people say, &c.

NATIONAL CLAY MINSTREL.

CONTENTS.

Arouse, arouse from hill and valley,	8
A political catch,	10
Away with traitor Tyler,	16
A few short weeks ago,	17
A new song,	18
Advance Whigs,	22
A tribute to Mr. Clay,	38
Acrostic,	48
A race, a race, and who will win,	61
Brave Markle is the soldier's pride,	4
Clay and Frelinghuysen,	1
Convention song,	8
Come whigs prepare to enter the chase,	22
Clay and Frelinghuysen,	31
Come join in a shout for the man we love best,	33
Clear the way for Harry Clay,	50
Come all ye log cabin boys,	54
Come one and all, obey the call,	56
Delaware,	13
From Yankee Land, at dawn of day,	6
Fling forth the Clay banner,	28
Far from the West see the statesman advancing,	58
For Harry Clay, our candidate,	60
Get out the way you're all unlucky,	44
Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue,	9
Hurrah song,	21
Harry, the honest and true,	37
Harry of Kentucky,	40
Harry Clay's Raisin',	54
Harry of the West,	59
It has been known that here of late,	13
In Ashland shades reclining,	29
If e'er I should wish to get married,	29
Jimmy Polk of Tennessee,	2
Kilkenny Cats,	12
Kentucky O!	29
Leave vain regrets,	34
Ladies' Whig song,	39
Lisa, list, to the people's cry,	49

Oh, what has caused all this Whig thunder,	14
Oh, Van! oh, Van!	28
Oh, Henry Clay will be the man,	35
Once more our glorious banner out,	40
Pennsylvania song,	27
Patriots of Columbia's clime,	52
Rejoice, rejoice ye friends of Clay,	25
Song of the young Whigs,	60
Salt River,	17
Some love little Van,	20
Said Tyler John, the other day,	25
Sittin' on a tree,	43
Song and chorus,	56
The skies are bright, our hearts are light,	1
The heart that's true is always lucky,	2
The Mississinewa war song,	4
The Vermonter's song at Baltimore,	6
The second Polk song,	10
Come, friends gather round,	20
The Locos say there is no tune,	21
The fighting captain,	24
The first Polk song,	26
The nominees of Baltimore,	34
That same old tune,	33
That Same old coon,	43
The workingman's song,	46
Times won't be right, its plain to see,	43
The days when we went canvassing,	58
The ship Columbia,	51
The Coon song,	69
Voice of the people,	49
What has caused this agitation, tation, tation,	9
We've heard the news from Baltimore,	10
We've suffer'd much, we've suffer'd long,	11
Whig thunder,	14
Whig Quodlibet,	23
When Markle marched to the frontier,	24
Whig song,	30
What has caused this great commotion,	31
Whig Girls of 1840.	45
What has caused this agitation,	50
Whig rally song,	52
Ye Jackson and Van Buren men,	18
Ye friends of the Keystone awake,	27
Ye gallant true Whigs of the army,	37

THE ORATOR'S COMING.

TUNE.—*The Campbell's are coming.*

The orator's coming, huzza, huzza!
The orator's coming, huzza, huzza!
The orator's coming, our nation to save,
From the grasp of false Tyler, the despotic knave
The bold demagogues that would ruin our state,
Must yield to our Solon, and Cicero great,
He has long lit our halls with his eloquence brigh
'Tis he can bring day 'mid our nation's drear night
Our orator's coming, huzza, huzza!
Our orator's coming, huzza, huzza!
Our orator's coming, our nation to save,
And drive from her temole each false ruling knav

Each vile speculator with foreigners joined,
To take from our country the money she's coined,
His tariff shall rob them of their tyrannous hold,
And our own manufactures he'll nobly uphold.
Our orator's coming, &c.

The false hearted statesmen who change ev'ry hou
Moved only by avarice, plunder and power,
His wisdom shall sweep the proud knaves from the
throne,
And each honest toiler shall then get "his own."
Our orator's coming, &c.

Then freemen arouse, and with united voice,
But all through the land for the chief of our choice,
And let not the cause of the people once rest,
'Till triumphant our orator comes from the west.
Our orator's coming, &c.

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